DAVID HINE

TOMAS AIRA

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD™

AFTERMATH #9

AVATAR™

DAVID HINE story
TOMAS AIRA pencils
EMILIANO URDINOLA inks
DIGIKORE STUDIOS color
MATT BUSCH regular cover
MATT MARTIN gore, wrap covers
JAYMES REED letters

AVATAR PRESS
WILLIAM CHRISTENSEN editor in chief
MARK SEIFERT creative director
JIM KUHORIC managing editor
DAVID MARKS director of events
ARIANA OSBORNE production assistant

www.avatarpress.com
twitter @avatarpress
fb.com/avatarpresscomics

AVATAR™

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD: AFTERMATH #9.
June 2013. Published by Avatar Press, Inc.
515 N. Century Blvd. Rantoul, IL 61866.
©2013 Avatar Press, Inc. Night of the Living Dead and all related properties TM & ©2013 Image Ten. All characters as depicted in this story are over the age of 18. The stories, characters, and institutions mentioned in this magazine are entirely fictional. Printed in Canada.

ARE YOU SEEING THIS?!

HOLD YOUR FIRE. WE DON'T WANT THEM DAMAGED.

GODDAMMIT! THERE MUST BE *THIRTY* OF THEM!

MORE. LOOK BEHIND YOU.

OH SHIT!

MAINTAIN YOUR COOL, PRIVATE. LET THEM COME.

KID'S GOT SOME GUTS.

LOOKS TO ME LIKE HE'S DEFECATING INTO HIS PANTS.

GRRAAAWWRRRRLL

MWUUUUHHH

COME ON YOU FUCKWITS! YOU WANT A PIECE OF ME?!

UUURRRRRAAAWWHHH

MWUUUUUUHHH

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED.

THE CATTLE ARE IN THE PEN.

RED ROCK MILITARY BASE.

DO YOU ALWAYS THROW DOUBLE ONES? IS THAT WHY THEY CALL YOU SNAKE EYES?

BETWEEN YOU AND ME...

THEY'RE LOADED.

THEY HAVE A HOLLOW CORE WITH A SEMI-SOLID MATERIAL INSIDE THAT HAS A MELTING POINT A LITTLE BELOW BODY TEMPERATURE.

HOLD THEM IN YOUR HAND AND IT MELTS AND FLOWS TO THE BOTTOM SIDE. THAT WEIGHTS THE DIE IN FAVOR OF THAT FACE.

CAN I TRY?

SURE.

NOT BAD. EVEN WITH LOADED DICE, IT TAKES A LOT OF PRACTICE TO GET THEM TO BEHAVE.

NOW THESE... THESE AREN'T LOADED. THERE'S JUST A ONE IN THIRTY-SIX CHANCE OF THROWING SNAKE EYES WITH THIS SET OF BONES.

WHY DO THEY CALL THEM BONES?

DICE USED TO BE MADE FROM THE KNUCKLEBONES OF HOOVED ANIMALS.

THIS HERE WAS A PAIR MADE FROM THE BONES OF A GOAT.

THEY ONCE BELONGED TO *ALEISTER CROWLEY.*

YOU KNOW WHO HE WAS?

NO.

WELL. HE WAS ONE HELL OF A GUY.

BUT ACTUALLY... THESE NEVER BELONGED TO HIM. I JUST TELL PEOPLE THAT.

TO IMPRESS THEM.

ONLY WORKS IF YOU KNOW WHO HE WAS.

WHAT WAS THAT FOR?

I LIKE YOU.

GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF MY DAUGHTER.

HEY...

YOU KNOW SHE'S ONLY NINETEEN?

MA'AM--

--HOW OLD ARE *YOU*? YOU MAY DRESS LIKE A TEENAGE DELINQENT, BUT JUDGING BY THE LINES ON YOUR FACE, I'D SAY ABOUT MY AGE.

AND THAT MAKES HER YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE YOUR *DAUGHTER.*

C'MON, MOM. IT'S NOT AS IF I'M A *VIRGIN*.

WHAT'S *THAT* SUPPOSED TO MEAN?!

WHOA. EASY THERE. I DON'T WANT TO GET IN THE MIDDLE OF SOMETHING HERE.

CONNIE, YOU'RE A VERY SWEET GIRL AND TRUTH TO TELL, YOU WOULDN'T BE THE FIRST NINETEEN-YEAR-OLD I STEPPED OUT WITH.

BUT... GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES, YOUR MOTHER IS RIGHT...

WE SHOULD KEEP IT PLATONIC BETWEEN US FOR NOW.

UNTIL THEY LET US OUT OF HERE AND WE CAN HAVE US A LITTLE PRIVACY.

NURSE, I NEED YOU TO DEFROST A SAMPLE OF Z-PRIME.

THE VIRUS? BUT--

--IS THAT GOING TO BE A PROBLEM FOR YOU?

DELIBERATELY INFECTING HEALTHY PEOPLE WITH THE ZOMBIE VIRUS...

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO QUOTE THE HIPPOCRATIC OATH AT ME, I HOPE.

YOU INFECTED A TEN-YEAR OLD BOY ONLY 48 HOURS AGO. IT'S A LITTLE LATE TO BE WRINGING YOUR HANDS OVER THE HUMANITARIAN ISSUES.

THAT WAS DIFFERENT. THERE WAS A CHANCE HE WOULD SURVIVE.

IF YOU WANT TO WEIGH UP CHANCE AND PERCENTAGES, THINK ON THIS, NURSE. SEVERAL MILLION PEOPLE ARE ALREADY INFECTED IN THIS COUNTRY.

IF WE DON'T STOP IT, THIS DISEASE WILL SPREAD ACROSS THE PLANET.

WHAT ARE THE LIVES OF A DOZEN PEOPLE, OR A HUNDRED, OR A THOUSAND? WE'RE TALKING ABOUT SAVING THE *ENTIRE HUMAN RACE!*

OF COURSE YOU'RE UPSET. IT'S NATURAL. IT'S HUMAN. AND THAT'S EXACTLY THE HUMANITY WE'RE TRYING TO PRESERVE.

DOCTOR SELENS, WE JUST HEARD FROM THE PATROL. THEY CAPTURED A WHOLE HERD OF ZOMBIES. AROUND FORTY.

GOOD. THAT'S GOOD.

SO WE WON'T NEED TO INFECT ANYONE?

NOT TODAY.

HAUL UP THE BIG ONE FIRST. HE LOOKS FRESH.

DAMN! THAT IS ONE HEAVY SON OF A BITCH.

GET THAT FUCKER IN THE TRUCK, AND KEEP IT ON THE HOOKS. IT'S A FAST ONE.

IF IT GETS LOOSE WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE IT DOWN.

HEY, SERGEANT. WHEN DO YOU PLAN ON GETTING ME OUT OF HERE?

AIR TRANSPORT IS ON ITS WAY, PRIVATE...

...UNLESS YOU WANT TO RISK A LONG JUMP.

WITH OR WITHOUT MY KIT?

THANK YOU, JESUS.

GOOD WORK, SON.

I'LL BE PUTTING IN A COMMENDATION FOR THIS ONE...

...IF THERE'S ANYONE LEFT TO PIN A MEDAL ON YOU WHEN THIS SHIT STORM IS OVER.

COLONEL, WE HAVE A PROBLEM!

WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE EDGE! IT'S GIVING WAY!

GODDAMMIT!

FORGET MISSION ORDERS! I WANT EVERY LAST ONE OF THOSE GHOULS PUT DOWN! GET MY MEN OUT OF THERE!

YOU HEARD THE COLONEL. TERMINATE THOSE UNDEAD FUCKERS!

AAAAHHHH

NOOOO!

AIEEEEEEE

GET ME OUT OF HERE! FOR CHRIST'S SAKE!

GRAB HOLD!

AHH! FUCKIT!

I'M BIT, DAMMIT!

I'M BIT.

HOLD ON, SARGE. WE'RE COMING FOR YOU!

STAY WHERE YOU ARE. YOU CAN'T HELP ME NOW.

KIDD

ARMY

HERE'S WHAT YOU DO, PRIVATE. YOU AIM YOUR WEAPON RIGHT HERE, AND YOU BLOW MY FUCKING BRAINS TO SHIT, YOU HEAR ME?

THAT'S AN ORDER.

KIDD

US ARMY

YOU HEARD HIM, PRIVATE.

CYRUS

US

YOU HAVE PERMISSION TO KILL SERGEANT KIDD.

THAT'S IT? ONE UNDEAD?

THAT ONE DEADHEAD COST ME ONE CHOPPER AND THREE OF MY MEN.

RED ROCK BASE
US ARMY
TRESSPASERS WILL BE SHOT

THEN YOUR MISSION WAS SOMETHING OF A SNAFU, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

I NEED *TWO* UNDEAD FOR THE TEST I'M RUNNING TOMORROW. I'LL NEED TO INFECT ONE OF OUR CIVILIAN PRISONERS.

IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHICH ONE.

I'LL PICK A NAME AT RANDOM.

CYRUS

CONNIE KOVACS.

WHAT?

STEP UP HERE. THE REST OF YOU, MOVE ALL THE WAY TO THE BACK.

DON'T YOU MOVE, CONNIE.

WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, SOLDIER?

YOU REALLY ARE FOND OF YOURSELF AREN'T YOU?

I'LL BET YOU'D SUCK YOUR OWN DICK IF YOU COULD BEND DOWN FAR ENOUGH.

NO ONE IS LEAVING THIS BARRACKS UNLESS I KNOW WHAT FOR, AND WHEN THEY GO, I GO WITH THEM.

IF I HAD MY WAY, IT WOULD BE *YOU* WE'RE TAKING. I'D LOVE TO SEE YOUR EYES FALLING OUT OF YOUR ROTTING FACE--

--HEY. SHUT UP, WHITMAN.

MAN, WHO THE HELL CARES WHAT I TELL THEM?

FUUUUCK.

YOU WERE WARNED, PAXMAN.

UNNFF

THEY'RE GOING TO TURN HER!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN? YOU MEAN *INFECT* ME?!

NO! THEY COULDN'T DO THAT.

DR SELENS IS GOING TO RUN SOME TESTS. THAT'S ALL.

WE CAN TAKE THEM.

SERIOUSLY. WE CAN TAKE THESE FUCKERS.

CHILL OUT, WAYNE. I'LL GO.

THESE...TESTS. IS THERE ANY REASON IT HAS TO BE CONNIE?

US ARMY

HE ASKED FOR HER, BUT--

TELL YOUR COMMANDING OFFICER THAT YOU HAVE A VOLUNTEER FOR HIS TESTS.

TELL HIM THAT IT WILL BE A LOT LESS HASSLE, BECAUSE IF YOU TRY TAKING CONNIE, SOMEONE IS SURELY GOING TO DIE HERE TONIGHT.

VIC...

IT'S OKAY, SWEETHEART. YOU AND ME...

...IT WOULDN'T HAVE WORKED OUT.

ALL RIGHT, FARGO. YOU WIN A FREE PASS.

NOBODY LEAVES HERE--

--SHUT THE FUCK UP, SENATOR.

JUST MAKE SURE I'M THE LAST ONE.

HONEY, DO YOU WANT TO SAY A PRAYER WITH ME?

GIVE ME THAT DAMNED THING!

"DELIVER ME FROM ALL MINE OFFENCES. TAKE THY PLAGUE AWAY FROM ME."

AND THOUGH AFTER MY SKIN WORMS DESTROY THIS BODY, YET IN MY FLESH SHALL I SEE GOD.

"I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE SAITH THE LORD.

"HE THAT BELIEVETH IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD...

"...YET SHALL HE LIVE."

TO BE CONTINUED..